



WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# ADVICE TO COMIC READERS FOR **BAD SKANS**

By *Belly Memphis*



1. Only accept  
Marble River Scans.  
Like Frankenstein #12.  
52 files + this nfo.



2. Crestwood Publishing,  
March-April, 1947!



3. Art by  
Dick Briefer.



4. Oh Marble,  
Your're scans are  
so BIG and  
colorfull!!



5. ...and they're  
Guaranteed Not  
Fresh!

Mar.-Apr.

10c

# FRANKENSTEIN

52 Pages of Thrills & Fun

No.12



...AND SO, BEFORE WE DELIVER  
H. POCUS, THE MAGICIAN, UNTO  
HIS FINAL RESTING PLACE, HIS  
FRIENDS WILL FULFILL HIS  
**LAST WISH...**



[DICK  
BRIEFER]

# FRANKENSTEIN

## contents

FRANKENSTEIN RESCUES  
PEG O'MIHART FROM THE  
TERRIBLE FROGMEN.



BOOK  
ON  
DICK  
BRIGGS

FRANKENSTEIN IS MIS-  
TAKEN FOR A DEAD BODY  
AND IT ALL RESULTS IN THE  
FINISH TO A SERIES OF  
GRAVE ROBBERIES.



FRANKENSTEIN THWARTS "THE MOLD"  
AND PUTS AN END TO A DREAD PLAGUE!



FRANKENSTEIN REVEALS  
"PANCAKE CHARLIE'S" TREASURE  
WHILE THE HAND IN THE NIGHT  
BRINGS TERRIBLE DEATH!!!

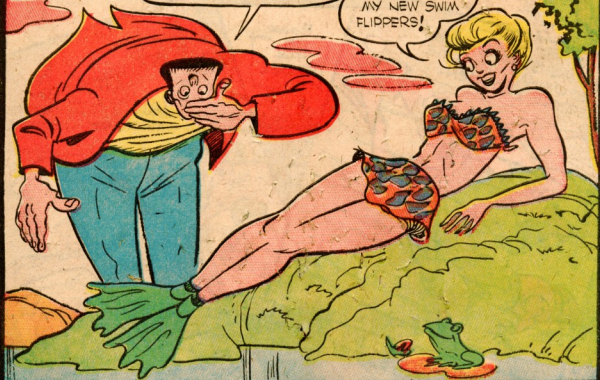




# FROGLEGS

I THINK THAT FROG  
BLOOD TRANSFUSION HAD  
SOME EFFECT ON YOU!

NONSENSE!  
THOSE ARE  
MY NEW SWIM  
FLIPPERS!



WONDER WHEN  
ALL THIS RAIN  
WILL STOP?

SHH! I'M IN THE  
BEST PART OF  
THE BOOK!



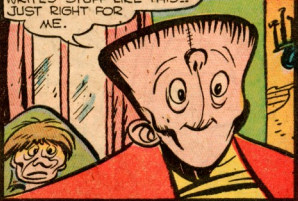


THE WHOLE WORLD IS  
FILLING UP WITH  
WATER AND YOU'RE  
READIN' A BOOK!  
WHAT IS IT?

ANOTHER ONE OF  
PEG-O'MIHART'S  
FANTASTIC STORIES.



Y'KNOW, WOOPY... I THINK I'M GOING TO  
GO AND MEET PEG O'MIHART. I FOUND  
HER ADDRESS IN THE PAPER. SHE'S  
PROBABLY A HOMELY OLD BAG IF SHE  
WRITES STUFF LIKE THIS...  
JUST RIGHT FOR  
ME.



BRING BACK SOME FROG LEGS. I LOVE  
TO EAT THEM AND I HAVEN'T HAD  
ANY FOR MONTHS.

I'M NOT GOING  
IN THIS RAIN...



LOOK AT THAT! CAN'T EVEN GET A DRINK  
OF WATER. BUGS, FISH, EELS...EVERYTHING  
COMES OUT OF THIS FAUCET SINCE  
THE FLOODS CAME!

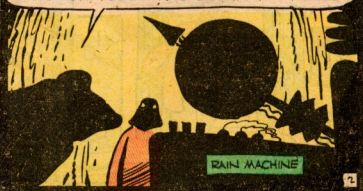


HEY WOOPY... IT  
STOPPED RAINING!!



*Cue!* WHY DID IT STOP RAINING? BECAUSE ....

O.K. WE'LL LEAVE THE RAIN MACHINE TURNED  
OFF FOR AWHILE. THEN TOMORROW WE'LL TURN  
IT ON FULL FORCE AND DROWN THE WORLD!!



RAIN MACHINE



NOW TO CALL UPON PEG O'MIHART.

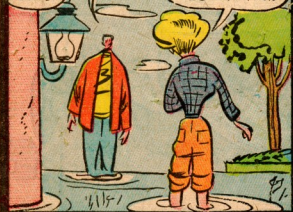


THERE'S HER HOUSE. I RECOGNIZE IT FROM THE PICTURES IN THE PAPERS.



ER...CAN YOU TELL ME IF PEG O'MIHART IS IN?

NO, SHE'S NOT. YOU SEE, I AM PEG O'MIHART.



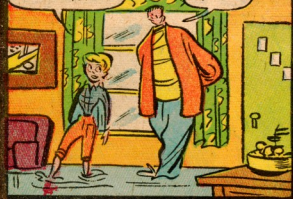
YOU? YOU WRITE FANTASTIC, HORROR, AND SUPERNATURAL STORIES? I THOUGHT PEOPLE WHO WROTE THOSE THINGS ARE ALL UGLY.

I'M SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU.



SORRY, BUT MY HOUSE IS A LITTLE WET. HAVE YOU READ MANY OF MY STORIES?

OH YES, I JUST FINISHED "THIRTY DAYS ON MARS." A PIP!



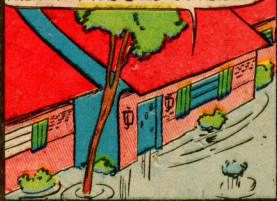
STRANGE...SINCE IT STOPPED RAINING, THE WHIRRING HAS CEASED.

WHAT?





THERE WAS ALWAYS SOME NOISE COMING FROM THAT HILL DURING THE RAINS.. LIKE A FACTORY OF SOME KIND..AND THERE AREN'T ANY FACTORIES FOR MILES...



WELL, IF IT WORRIES YOU, WHY NOT LET'S GO OUT AND INVESTIGATE?

FINE! I'M GLAD YOU CAME BY TO-DAY!

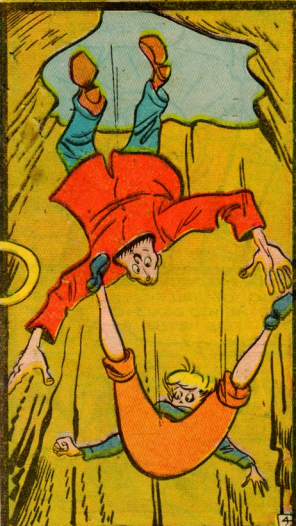
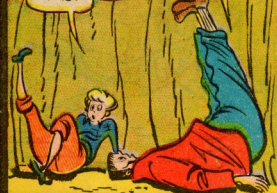


I WONDER IF THE RAIN STOPPED FOR GOOD? IT WOULD BE TOO BAD IF IT SHOULD START AGAIN...



OWCHI! WE LIVED HERE A LONG TIME BUT NEVER KNEW OF THIS.

WHAT IS IT? A VOLCANO?





AH--SO WE HAVE VISITORS! THE  
LEADER WILL BE GLAD TO SEE YOU.



THIS IS LIKE SOMETHING  
OUT OF...

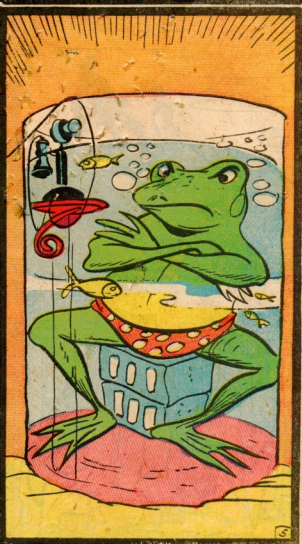
--YOUR  
STORIES!



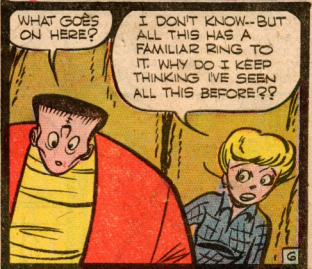
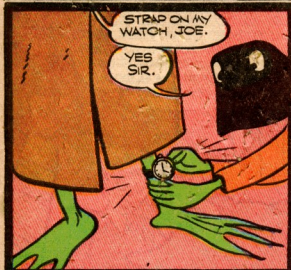
THE LEADER!



HELLO, JOE? TELL THEM I'LL BE RIGHT  
OUT. I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF  
THIS WATER!









NOW, MY FRIENDS, I'LL HAVE TIME TO TALK TO YOU. YES...THIS SHOULD ALL BE VERY FAMILIAR TO YOU, PEG O'MHART.

YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

OF COURSE I DO. YOU EVENTUALLY WOULD HAVE ENDED UP HERE, FACING THE MATERIALIZATION OF ONE OF YOUR IDEAS. YOU MAY REMEMBER THAT WHAT YOU SEE HERE WAS IN ONE OF YOUR BOOKS.

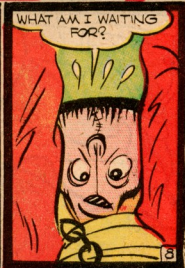
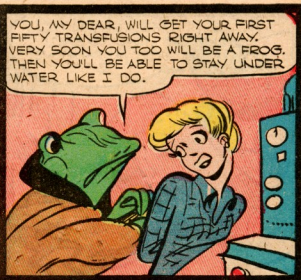
YES! YES! NOW I KNOW! MY BOOK "FROGS FLOG THE EARTH"... IN WHICH FROGS TOOK OVER EVERYTHING! BUT... WHO...WHAT... ARE YOU??

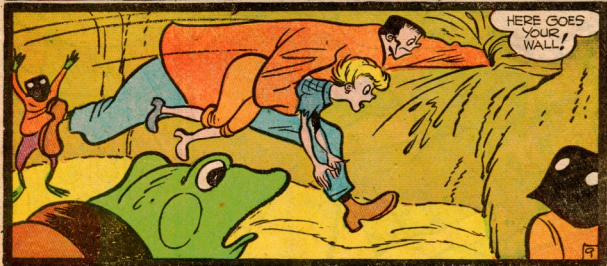
JUST WALDO, YOUR OLD BOY FRIEND YOU TURNED DOWN FOUR YEARS AGO. AND JUST BY FOLLOWING YOUR FORMULA OF THOUSANDS OF INFUSIONS OF FROG BLOOD, I BECAME PART FROG!

OF COURSE, THE RAIN MACHINE WAS MY OWN IDEA. TOMORROW, I DROWN THE WORLD, AND THE FROGS WILL RULE. AND YOU, PEG, WILL BE MY QUEEN!!!

GRAB HIM! CHAIN HIM UP!!











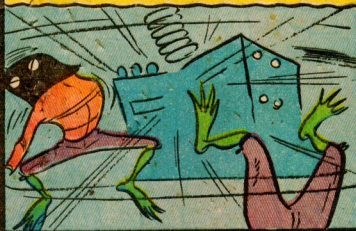
WE'RE SAFE, PEG!  
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

GLUB  
YEAH...  
SORT OF..



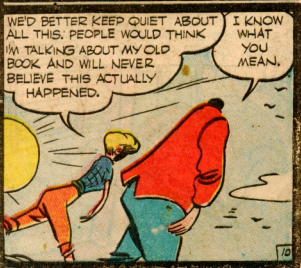
THE WATER IS  
RUINING MY  
EQUIPMENT!

And THEN THE WATER HITS THE RAIN MACHINE---  
AND EVERYTHING IS CHARGED WITH ELECTRICITY.



LOOK! THE FROGMEN!  
THEY'RE FLOATING  
AROUND---DEAD!

I GUESS THAT'S  
ALL!



WE'D BETTER KEEP QUIET ABOUT  
ALL THIS. PEOPLE WOULD THINK  
I'M TALKING ABOUT MY OLD  
BOOK AND WILL NEVER  
BELIEVE THIS ACTUALLY  
HAPPENED.

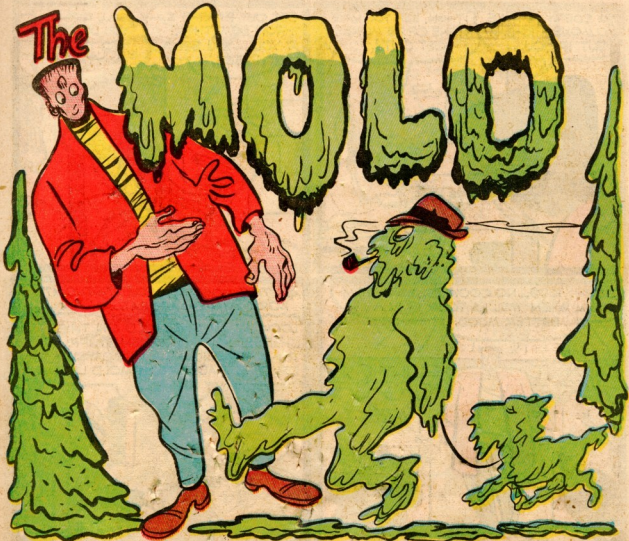
I KNOW  
WHAT  
YOU  
MEAN.





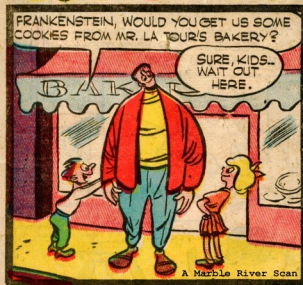
The

MOLO



FRANKENSTEIN, WOULD YOU GET US SOME COOKIES FROM MR. LA TOUR'S BAKERY?

SURE, KIDS...  
WAIT OUT  
HERE.



A Marble River Scan

HELLO, MR. LA TOUR.  
CAN I GET SOME  
COOKIES... FREE?

FREE!! ALWAYS  
EET BEES FREE!!  
HAVE YOU NONE  
OF ZE MONEY?



I'M SORRY...I HAVE  
NO MONEY TO-DAY.  
BUT IF YOU...

THEN, EEF YOU HAVE  
NONE OF ZE MONEY,  
GET OUT!!



GET OUT BEFORE I  
THROW SOMETHING  
AT YOU...YOU BEEG  
PEEG!!

ALL RIGHT...  
YOU DONT HAVE  
TO THROW  
ANYTHING.



SORRY, KIDS... NO COOKIES. WE'LL TRY  
AGAIN WHEN MR. LA TOUR IS IN A  
BETTER MOOD.



AT THIS MOMENT, A SCIENTIST IS AT  
WORK IN HIS LABORATORY...

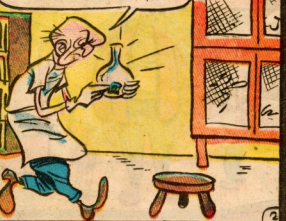
LOOK AT ALL THE MOLD ON THIS  
CHEESE! HORRID GREEN STUFF! TO  
THINK PENICILLIN, A LIFE SAVING  
DRUG, IS MADE FROM MOLD LIKE  
THIS...



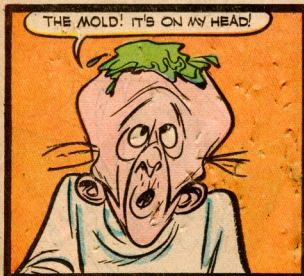
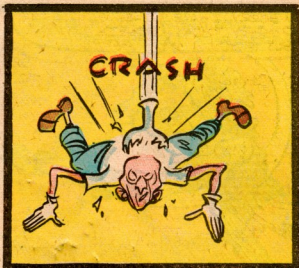
HEH, HEH! IF ONLY I COULD DEVISE A  
NEW DRUG FROM MOLD...A DRUG THAT  
WILL BE AS DEADLY AS PENICILLIN IS  
LIFE GIVING. LET ME SEE...IF I TAKE  
THIS MOLD...INCUBATE IT...ADD SOME  
DIXILINE FORMOSICA...A DASH OF  
PHRENOXYCINE....



THERE.. IT IS ALL MIXED AND  
CONCOCTED. TRY IT OUT ON  
A GUINEA PIG NEXT...







IT COMES OFF IF I PULL IT... BUT IT  
GROWS BACK JUST AS FAST!



LOOK! SOME HIT THE CAT--NOW  
HE'S FULL OF MOLD!



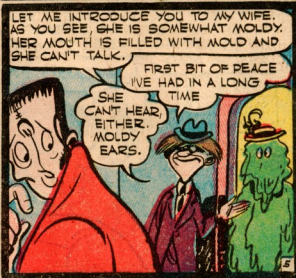
HAH HAH!! I'M A MISERABLE CREATURE--  
BUT I WON'T BE THE ONLY  
ONE--- I'LL INFECT  
EVERYBODY!!



AH HAH HA!!!  
IT'S SO VERY  
CONTAGIOUS!!







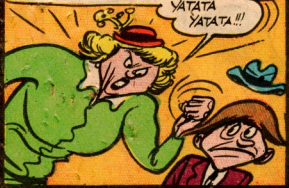
NOW LET ME SHOW YOU MY EQUIPMENT FOR CONQUERING THE PLAGUE. HERE IS A SPRAYING MACHINE I HAVE BUILT. INTO THE CONTAINER GOES THE MAGIC STUFF...



...AMERICA'S FAVORITE SOAP--- 'DEW'. REMEMBER... 'DEW DO EVERYTHING!' LET ME SHOW YOU.



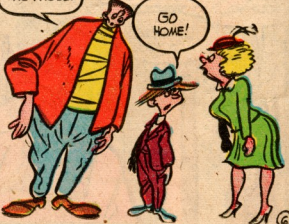
NOW WALLY WOODS, YOU HAVE QUITE A LOT OF EXPLAINING TO DO! WHY DID YOU LET ME SUFFER THIS LONG, YOU CUR!!? HERE I WAS..UNABLE TO TALK--YOU WORM-- AND ALL THIS TIME.. YATATA YATATA YATATA YATATA!!!



'I'M A DOPE!! I DIDN'T KNOW WHEN I WAS WELL OFF! NOW... SEE WHAT I MEAN?' 'DEW' DO EVERYTHING--- EVEN CURES THE MOLD!



SEND YOUR WIFE HOME AND WE'LL GO OUT LOOKING FOR THE 'MOLD.'





THE STREETS ARE DESERTED! NO ONE DARES COME OUT WHILE THE "MOLD" IS ON THE LOOSE!



LOOK! THE "MOLD" IS IN THAT STORE WINDOW!

CRASH IT IN!

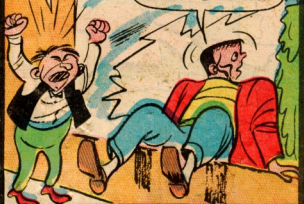


**CRASH!**



YOU FOOLS! YOU IDIOTS! YOU BROKE MY WINDOW!! THAT'S THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS! OHHH!!

BUT...THE "MOLD"...

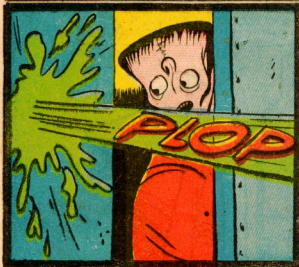
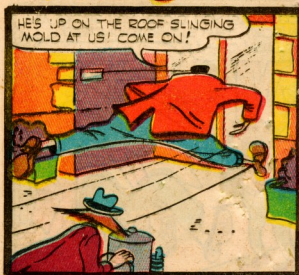


THAT'S NOT THE MOLD, YOU DOPE! THAT'S JUST A WAX DUMMY THAT MELTED IN THE SUN! EVEN DUMMIES ARE MADE OF CHEAP STUFF NOWADAYS.

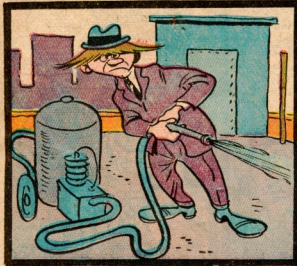
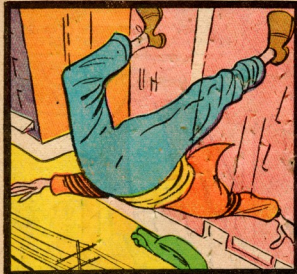
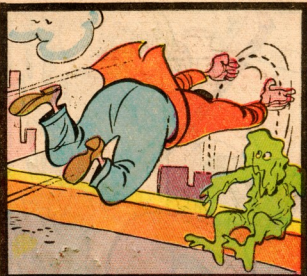


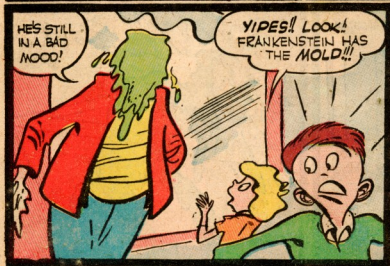
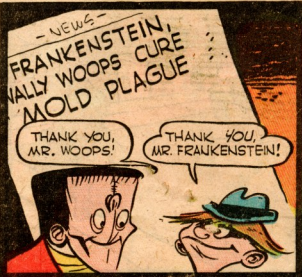
HEY "MOLD"! COME ON OUT AND FIGHT! COME ON YELLOW BELLY!!









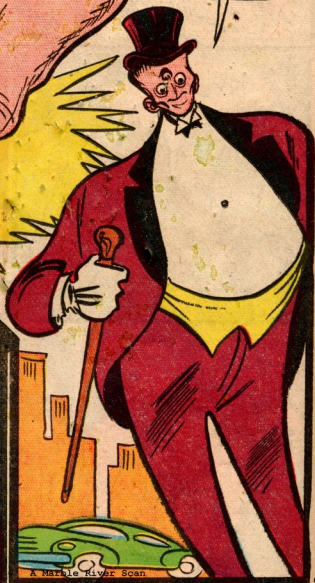






# The **HAND** in the **NIGHT**

I FEEL SILLY IN  
THESE CLOTHES  
BUT IN MY  
PROFESSION  
ONE NEEDS THEM!

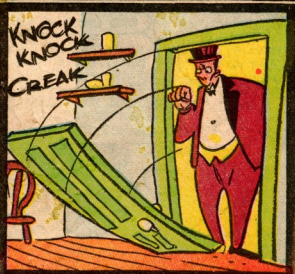


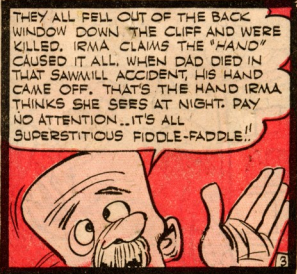
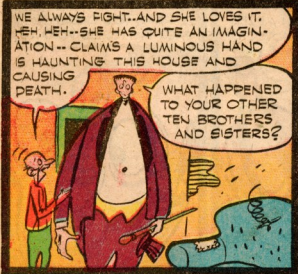
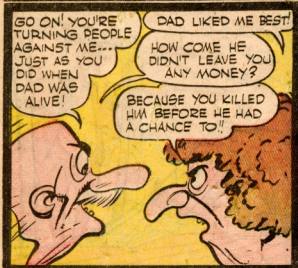
FRANKENSTEIN! WHAT  
ARE YOU SO DRESSED  
UP FOR?

I'M IN THE  
ADVERTISING  
BUSINESS!





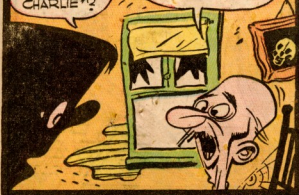






TELL ME, WHY DID EVERYONE CALL YOUR FATHER 'PANCAKE CHARLIE'?

WELL, HIS NAME WAS CHARLIE, AND HE LIKED PANCAKES QUITE A LOT.



I HAVE TO GO NOW, SO CAN I GET THE BATTERIES?

BATTERIES? OH, YES. YOU WAIT HERE-- I'LL GET THEM.



HEH HEH! HE CAN HELP ME!!! HE'S BIG AND STRONG. HE'LL BE ABLE TO LIFT UP DAD'S CHEST OF GOLD!!



ARE YOU GOING TO GET ME THE BATTERIES? YOU SEE, I'M IN THE ADVERTISING BUSINESS AND...

CERTAINLY. COME TO THE CELLAR WITH ME.

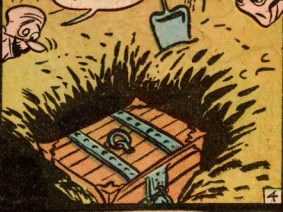


DIG HERE!

I NEVER HAD SO MUCH TROUBLE GETTING TWO LITTLE BATTERIES!



AH! THERE IT IS. LIFT IT UP. IT'S MY TRUNK..WITH CLOTHES, RECORDS, BOOKS...



FUNNY PLACE TO  
KEEP YOUR TRUNK  
OF CLOTHES.  
DOESN'T IT  
MILDEW?

I'M GOING ON A  
VACATION. COME,  
TAKE THE TRUNK  
TO MY CAR.

ER... I JUST REMEM-  
BERED... I HAVE SOME-  
THING TO DO. I'LL  
SEE YOU AT THE CAR.

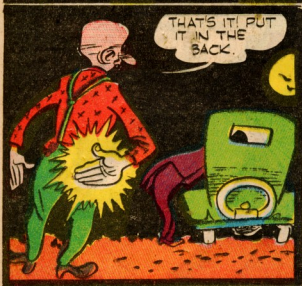
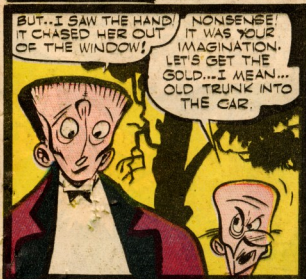
HEH HEH  
HEH...  
THE LAST  
ONE!

THIS IS DISGUSTING! ALL I WANTED  
WAS BATTERIES, AND I GET INVOLVED  
IN THIS MESS! I'M GOING AFTER HIM!!

WHAT IS THAT  
SNAKE BROTHER  
OF MINE DOING?

YIII





I MUST GET RID OF THIS BIG CHUMP NOW. I'VE GOT IT!! GOOD THING I DIDN'T WASH MY HAND! THIS GUY SEEMS TO SCARE EASY, BIG AS HE IS, SO I'LL SCARE HIM TO DEATH WITH MY HAND!!



HERE ARE THE BATTERIES YOU WANT. YOU'VE BEEN SO NICE I'LL GIVE YOU TWO EXTRA ONES FOR NOTHING. WAIT HERE UNTIL I GET THEM. GOOD!



NOW I'LL SNEAK AROUND AND LET HIM SEE MY HAND! I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE HIM COLLAPSE OF HEART FAILURE.



I HOPE I REMEMBER HOW TO INSTALL THESE BATTERIES. LET'S SEE...



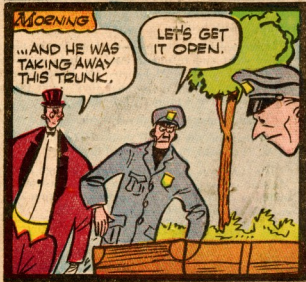
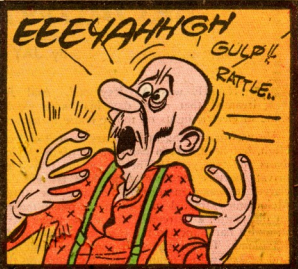
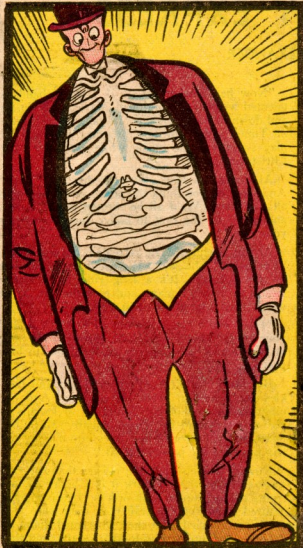
NOW!!!



THE BATTERIES ARE IN. NOW I'LL TEST THEM. PUSH THE BUTTON....







# BROADWAY EXPRESS

By JAY ALEXANDER

**H**IS NAME was Al Raymond. And he dreamed that some day his name would shine in electric lights on movie house marquees.

He was graduating in February from Polytech High, but he had been band leader of the Melodians for two years. The Melodians played at private parties for free. But their friends declared it was sensational the way the three Melodians extracted such exquisite music out of an old banjo, a haircomb with tissue paper over it, and a harmonica in the caressing hands of Al Raymond. They could send you with music hot and brassy, with Tommy Evans thumping on the banjo like it was a drum in an African jungle while Sig Hirshey and Al shrilled high notes down the groove with their haircomb and harmonica.

Or if you craved a dreamy waltz the Melodians could play it soft and low and float you out of this world, *dulcissimo*. And this was just where Al Raymond believed he had the edge on a fellow, named Spike Jones. Sure, Spike was good, but he lacked the Melodian versatility.

But he also lacked Al's seventeen-year-old sister, Marie, a determined red-head with freckles, a stage-struck pest. And as far as Al was concerned, Spike Jones could have her.

Marie was not only smarter than Al in school. She was graduating at the same time and a cinch to be valedictorian. But she was a back-seat driver so far as Al's band was concerned with such choice advice as,

"Look, Al, school bands are a dime a dozen. If you want to get into the big time, you've simply got to have a press agent."

"Don't give me that routine again," said Al. "It takes dough to get a press agent."

"You could hire me," said Marie, seating herself on the arm of his chair in the livingroom at home. "I'd be your press agent for nothing."

"And worth every cent of it, too," said Al.

"And," persisted the pestiferous Marie, "if you and Tommy and Sig were smart enough to insist that I sing with your band, you'd be a smash hit overnight."

"Dry up, will ya!" wailed Al. "Can't you see I'm boning up for my math exam? Want me to flunk?"

"Now here's what I'd do if I had a band as talented as yours," continued Marie, walking up and down in deep thought. "I'd take it right down on Times Square during Christmas week and I'd play sweet yuletide music while my sister sang Christmas Carols."

Al threw his book down in disgust. "Yeah? And what do you think the police would be doing all that time. We'd all be thrown in the cooler, and you'd be the first to holler for Pop to pay your fine."

At this assault, Marie retreated, but not much. "I've got it," she said. "We could try it out first on the subway. It's a long ride from Coney Island to Times Square, and pass the hat. I bet we'd attract a lot of attention, and..."

"I bet you'd better get out of here. You and your crazy ideas!" yelled Al, throwing his book at her, which she expertly dodged due to long practice.

But Marie hadn't lived with red hair and freckles for seventeen years for nothing. And one night during the holidays found the Melodians on the subway bound for Times Square. Marie had finally nagged Al with her dares into making one trip provided she passed the hat.

Now if there is anything noisier than the subways and cabs of New York it is a boiler factory trying to catch up on back orders. It was a good-natured crowd on the train, but they were very much preoccupied with the "what-am-I-going-to-get-and-what-am-I-going-to-give" spirit, and they paid scant attention to the three zany youths with their even crazier musical instruments trying to compete with bellows.

It seemed like a complete washout by the time the el went underground. And to make matters even worse for the Melodians, the brave Marie hadn't even shown up so that they could place the blame where it properly belonged.

"What a lousy trick!" thought Al.

"If that was my sister," shouted Tommy Evans to Al, "I'd spank the devil out of her."

The train was now roaring north through lower Manhattan, where streets have names instead of numbers. And a wave of angry frustration was roaring through Al Raymond.

He turned to Sig Hirshey who was sitting on



his left and said, "Tell Tommy we'll give 'em Holy Night now and then call it quits."

It was a very quiet Holy Night, barely heard above the roar of the train and the babble of gay voices, when suddenly another voice rose sweet and clear above the din. And this high girlish soprano was accompanied by a vision of a lovely young woman coming slowly down the aisle from the adjoining train. Her red hair was piled high above her pale, beautiful face; she was dressed all in shimmering white with the front of her mink coat thrown open wide. And around her slim throat she wore a plain band of gold and from out that throat there welled unearthly music like the singing of the angels. Happy, yet sad.

Down the aisle slowly came Marie pouring out her heart, and a hush fell upon the babble of the crowd. Even the clackety-clack of the train seemed subdued by the holiness of the moment dedicated to Holy Night. And as the last strains of the moving song died away, Marie smiled and bowed low first to the crowd and then to the Melodians.

The Melodians stared bug-eyed in awe at Marie, no longer a kid, but a lovely, gifted young woman. The crowd sat stunned and silent for a moment, then broke into wild applause, with whistling and gallery yells, which Marie quickly exploited by snatching his hat off her brother's head and passing it around.

By the time they reached Times Square the hat was heavy with coin and a few greenbacks. Elated at the turn in events, Al and his Melodians wanted to work the round trip. But to their dismay Marie said to Al:

"Look, you can have everything that's in the hat. I've got to dash now. I've got a date. And what a date!"

Al yelled after her. "You know you're not allowed out alone! And you'd better take care of Mom's mink or you'll get..."

The rest of Al's warning was lost on Marie as the train pulled out and left her waving goodbye on the platform. As soon as the train was out of sight, Marie walked over under a light and took a good look at the business card clutched in her hand. She had snatched it from the hat, and above the man's name was scrawled: "Can you meet me in my office at the Roxy in half an hour?"

"Well," thought Marie, although her knees shook a little, "the Roxy is certainly a respectable place, so why should I dodge my destiny?"

The man was really very nice. Although he had smiled on the train and now he was poker-faced. "You have a fresh, appealing voice and a striking personality," he said.

"Well, my brother would agree with you that I'm plenty fresh," she giggled.

"Was that the one who played the harmonica and whose hat you snatched?" he asked.

She nodded.

"How'd you like to be a special added attraction at the Roxy beginning tomorrow? Just the Roxy orchestra and you, dressed like you are now all in white and singing Holy Night?"

Marie swallowed hard. She had to, for her heart was doing jump-ups. She appeared to hesitate.

"I have to know now," he said, "in order to catch tomorrow's papers."

She swallowed again and, taking her nerve in both hands, told him the conditions of her acceptance.

He looked at her now out of the corner of his eye and his voice was skeptical as he said, "Are you sure this is your first appearance in show business? You sound like a pretty tough gal to me."

She rose to take her leave. "I'm sorry, but that's the way it'll have to be," she said, with a nervous little smile.

"Okay. Be here tomorrow morning at nine for a rehearsal."

The next morning she ate breakfast at seven. Suddenly the air was split by the voice of her brother, Al, yelling something that sounded like, "Holy Cow! Holy Cow!" over and over again.

When Marie arrived upstairs she found her mother and father already at Al's bedside, where with shaking finger he was pointing to something in the morning paper. It was a Roxy ad and at the bottom it said. **EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION · MARIE RAYMOND ACCOMPANIED BY AL RAYMOND AND HIS MELODIANS.**

Al jumped out of bed and whacked his sister on the back so hard she started coughing. "Holy Cow! Why didn't you tell somebody?" he cried.

Marie poked her brother in the ribs. "Surprise," she said, "is the nicest part of any Christmas gift."

**THE END**

# SUPER SLEUTH

BY P. MACNATHAN

"THIS CASE STUMPED THE POLICE OF THREE CONTINENTS AND ONE ISLAND - UNTIL I WAS CALLED IN! ----"



--IT ALL BEGAN ONE FOGGY NIGHT IN LONDON -- SUDDENLY!!!--

PEA SOUP 5d

**BANG!**  
(LOUD)

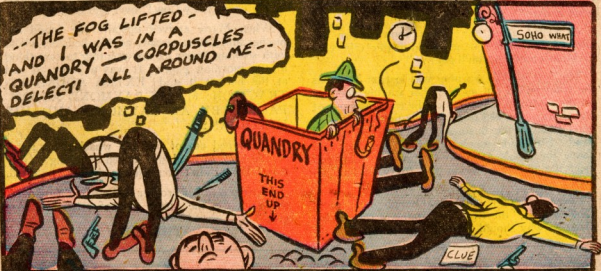
**SCREAM**  
(PIERCING)

**SOUND!**  
(CHOKING)

**THUD**  
(GULL)

**RATTLE**  
(DEATH)

--THE FOG LIFTED - AND I WAS IN A QUANDRY - CORPUSCLES DELECTI ALL AROUND ME--





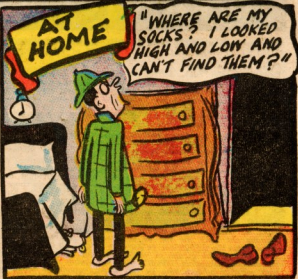
-WITH NO CLUES TO GO ON  
EXCEPT 15 EXCELLENT  
FINGERPRINTS - THREE GUNS -  
FOUR KNIVES - 3 VIALS OF  
CURARE - 4 LOCKS OF HAIR  
AND ONE MOUSTACHE - AND  
FIVE NOTARIZED CONFESSIONS --  
I SET OUT ON A GLOBE GIRDLING  
SEARCH FOR THE KILLER ---



---RUTHLESSLY FOR SEVEN LONG YEARS AND ONE  
SHORT ONE, I TRACKED THE KILLER---



"AT LONG LAST I FOUND HIM  
IN HIS LAIR AND BROUGHT  
HIM TO JUSTICE!"



The magazine that DARES  
to EXPOSE the

# GUILTY!

a 52-page  
magazine

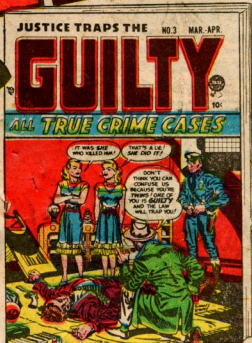
ALL **TRUE**

FAMOUS DETECTIVE CASES  
FROM AUTHENTIC CRIMINAL FILES..

**JUSTICE TRAPS  
THE GUILTY**

GIVES INSIDE FACTS BEHIND  
**REAL CRIMES**

**NOW ON SALE!**



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF FRANKENSTEIN published bi-monthly at Buffalo, N. Y., for October 1, 1947

State of New York } ss.  
County of New York }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Maurice Rosenfield, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the FRANKENSTEIN and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: Publisher, Crestwood Publishing Co. Inc., 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.; Editor, Maurice Rosenfield, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, M. M. Bleier, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Crestwood Publishing Co. Inc., 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.; Theodore Epstein, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.; Alex Bleier, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.; Michael M. Bleier, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holders as they appear upon the books of the company as trustee or in any fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) MAURICE ROSENFELD, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1947.

(Signed) MAY ROSENBLATT, Bronx Co. Clk's No. 118, New York Co. Clk's No. 587  
(My Commission expires March 30, 1949.)

# Graveyard Blues



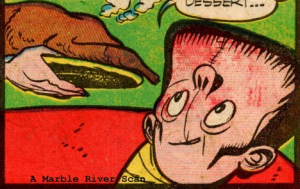
I'M STILL HUNGRY ANNIE. GOT ANYTHING ELSE?

GOOD GOSH, FRANKY-- YOU'VE HAD TWO BOILED CHICKENS AND EIGHT PORK CHOPS SO FAR...

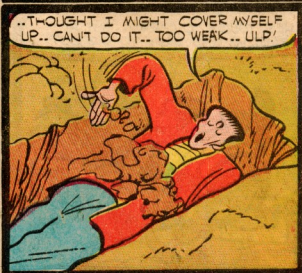


HERE! TAKE THIS WHOLE LAMB. IT'S ALL I HAVE LEFT. FOR A SMOOCHER, YOU SURE TAKE THE CAKE!!

CAKE? I REALLY DIDN'T EXPECT DESSERT...







LOOK, FRANKENSTEIN, I DON'T MIND YOU COMING TO MY HOUSE ONCE IN A WHILE FOR A SNACK, BUT YOU'VE BEEN HERE TWO WEEKS AND ALL THAT TIME YOU'VE BEEN SITTING AT THIS TABLE AND I'VE BEEN WAITING ON YOU!

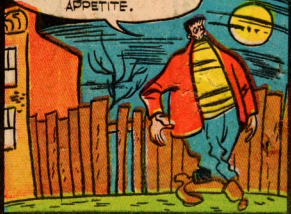


THE FOOD'S ALL GONE EXCEPT A CAN OF SALMON. YOU GO GET A JOB AND GIVE ME SOME MONEY SO I CAN GET MORE GRUB.

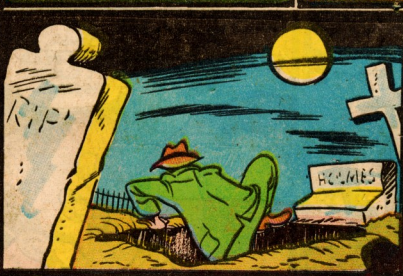
ER... MAY I HAVE THAT CAN OF SALMON?



A JOB... THAT'S NOT A BAD IDEA. WORKING MAY IMPROVE MY APPETITE.

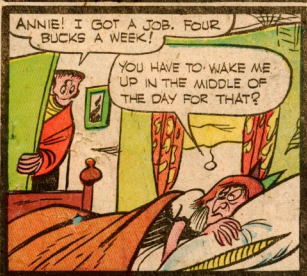


THERE'S THAT LONELY DARK STREET THAT GIVES ME CREEPS. I'LL CUT THROUGH THE CEMETERY SO I WON'T GET SCARED.



HEY, YOU! GET BACK IN THE GRAVE! YOU'RE DEAD!









THAT BIG BOOB! I'D BETTER GO DOWN  
AND BRING HIM A BOTTLE OF BAT BREW!



LOOK! A BIG  
ONE!!

WOW--THE "DOC"  
WILL PAY A LOT FOR  
THAT STIFF!



HE'S TOUGH TO CARRY--BUT AT  
LEAST HE WAS EASY TO DIG OUT!

MFF  
UGH

OOF  
UGH



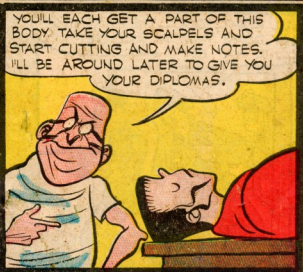
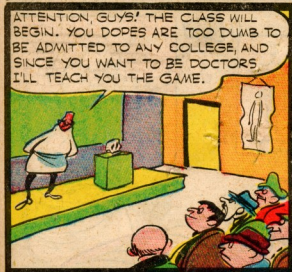
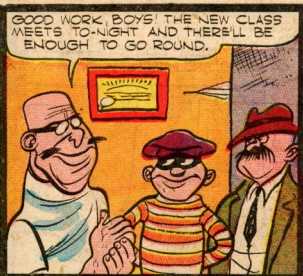
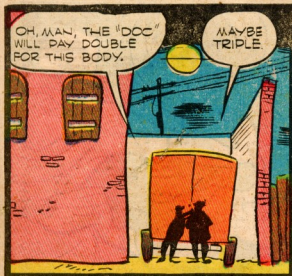
WHO ARE THOSE TWO GUYS? THEY'RE  
CARRYING FRANKENSTEIN  
AWAY!!



UGH--  
OK.. GOT  
HIM IN!

GOOD..  
LET'S  
GIT!!







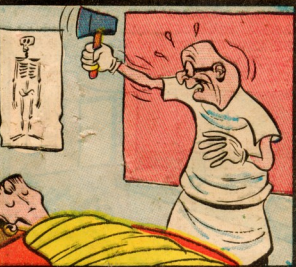
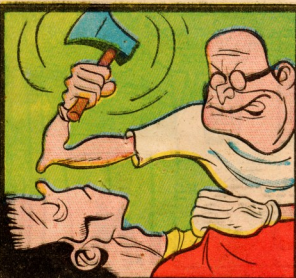
FIRST WE'LL CUT OFF THE HEAD FOR  
YOU GUYS WHO WANT TO BE NOSE,  
EAR, AND THROAT DOCTORS... AND  
OCULISTS... AND BRAIN SPECIALISTS...



ALL RIGHT, 'DOO'... THE GAMES UP!  
LAY DOWN THAT AX AND GET  
YOUR HAT ON!!

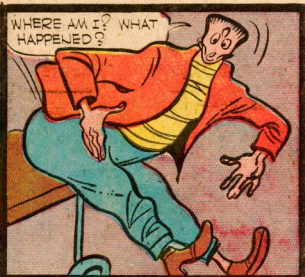


FRANKY! WAKE UP!! THIS TIRE IRON  
WILL PRY OPEN HIS MOUTH ENOUGH  
SO I CAN GET A FUNNEL IN!



HE'S JUST SLEEPING, OFFICER.  
THIS BREW WILL FIX  
HIM UP.





POOR FRANKENSTEIN--LOCKED UP IN THE BOOBY HATCH! THAT'S BETTER THAN BEING CHOPPED UP LIKE HE NEARLY WAS..



I GUESS I'LL MISS HIM.. NICE GUY.. BUT DOES HE EAT!! OH, WELL...MAYBE IT AINT SO BAD HE'S LOCKED UP...NOW I CAN EAT ALL THIS FOOD I JUST BOUGHT ALL BY MYSELF.



BREAKFAST READY, ALZIE?

YOU!

HOW DID YOU GET OUT?!



AH...I SEE YOU HAVE SOME LAMB, PARTRIDGE, GROUSE, KNISHES.. THEY KICKED ME OUT...THEY SAID I ATE TOO MUCH.

HERE, FRANKY.. LET'S DRINK TO YOUR HEALTH.



SORRY I HAD TO GIVE YOU THE BEAR BREW, PAL... BUT I CAN'T AFFORD YOU COMIN' AROUND FOR MEALS. SEE YOU IN A COUPLE OF MONTHS.



DICK BOEGER

The End